

Unlikely Magic

When I got the news
of my dying, the apartment
looked like shit. I buzzed

the doctor, assuming he got
the same vile report (admire
informality of buzzed under
the circumstances) "Yes," he

purred, "couldn't be worse."
I can't leave this chaos behind.
"Don't you have friends to lend

a hand?" Yeah, but they're not much
into final trips. Knowing I'd never

be ready in time
I'm refusing to leave.
Period.

So the place is still crap
and things stay lost.
Amen.